The Chronicles of

I AM CARDINAL BARUSA... TIME LORD OF GALLIFREY

This is my official insignia, and my personal glyph. Having transcended the confines of body, I exist now amidst the crystals of the Domed City of Gallifrey, which resonate with their beautiful sounds... much like the wind chimes along the seas of the Blue Planet... the place you call Earth.

I have decreed that my adventures with The Doctor and his flying ship, the TARDIS, in our quest to find his father Ulysses the Explorer, be written down by a scribe. I have instructed him to write these chronicles in the language of the Blue Planet, in long flowing script, because I believe that is the way The Doctor prefers it. Our own hieroglyphics of Gallifrey can't capture the real adventure of it all, our glyphs are far too precise... they are meant to convey the logic of the law, and the science of time travel, which are the two proud hall-marks of Gallifrey. This odd elliptical language of the Blue Planet is far more appropriate to The Doctor, who seems to prefer humor over efficiency.

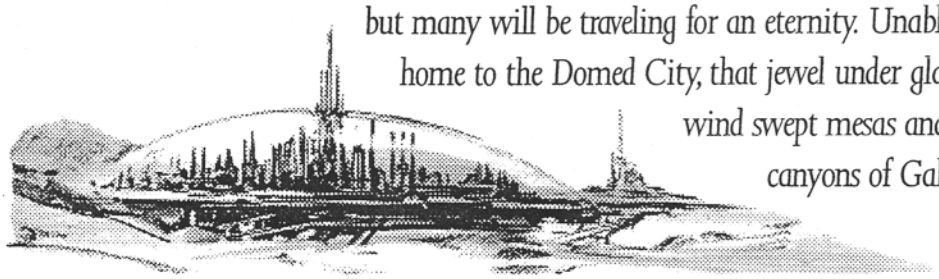
The Doctor wishes the people of the Blue Planet to know of our travels... to see for themselves that these worlds we have visited are not so distant after all. Those companions who traveled with us in our adventures can attest to this... if they will be believed by humankind...

TIME TRAVEL

This is the supreme gift of Rassilon, the founder of our dynasty, who, millennia ago, harnessed the power of a Black Hole. This fathomless power brought to the Time Lords mastery over the fourth and fifth dimensions. We found that we could travel back in time.

The Time Lords of Gallifrey monitor and record the significant events on the planets in this Galaxy and beyond, throughout time and space. They are recorded in the Matrix... as well as all of the life experiences, feelings and memories of the Time Lords, themselves. The Matrix is our record of life in the Universe, contained in the Panopticon. This is our heritage and our duty.

Until the TARDIS ships were perfected, some of our early Time Lords were lost in time, and never returned. We have found a few, by accident... but many will be traveling for an eternity. Unable to get back home to the Domed City, that jewel under glass... or to the wind swept mesas and bottomless canyons of Gallifrey.



The most legendary Time Explorer was Ulysses, a hero among the citizens of Gallifrey. His fate is unknown to the general populace... but not to me.

Ulysses the Explorer was my son. And, in turn, Ulysses had a son... who, in later lives, was called The Master. The Master's ruthless ambition was to wrap himself in the Sash of Rassilon... worn only by the President of the High Council... the Sash I had worn for so long. Rather than using our immense powers for the spread of enlightenment to all races, The Master wished only to conquer and rule.

IN THIS TIME OF DANGER AND TURMOIL

The Doctor and The Master were the two greatest minds to emerge in the millennia since Rassilon. It was strange that two such towering figures were born in the same era of time, as if somehow brought forward by nature... as if by the planet itself.

And as the years went by, The Doctor grew in his powers... of intellect and telepathy. After seven regenerations, he seemed to us, the Time Lords, to be the only leader capable of standing up to The Master and his followers.

However, there were those that distrusted his exuberance. The Doctor was as irrepressible as when he was a youngster. Although The Doctor was by then 800 years old, he had the body of man 30 years old... and he was still rebellious and curious, usually beyond our patience. He would often time travel to the Blue Planet Earth and, against our strict rules and traditions, would meddle with history... interfering with the affairs of other worlds...

Entry remark... I am reminded by my scribe that there may be a confusion concerning our Gallifreyan ability to regenerate. In the terms of the Blue Planet, it is both a death and a rebirth. It is very sacred and profound to us... also agonizingly painful. Regenerations are triggered in several ways... old age... mortal accident... by decree of the Time Lord Council... or by will.

A regeneration produces a completely different body, chosen by the unconscious much like a dream is chosen... and it profoundly affects one's personality and memory. I, for example, in an earlier regeneration, became a megalomaniac. Happily it was a phase that passed...

He Was Called Doctor

There may be a confusion concerning the word "Doctor". On the Blue Planet, that word is used for medical advisors. The Doctor feels that medical practitioners are quite useful, like automobile mechanics, which are a group he very much admires. But on Gallifrey, a Doctor is one who has mastered all fields of knowledge.

The Doctor is a tinkerer and a lover of inventions. For many years, he has escaped the clutches of intergalactic bounty hunters, monsters, and killing machines with his ingenuity and quick wits. But I am obliged to admit that The Doctor is also irascible, eccentric, and exasperating.

He is very secretive. One minute everything is going splendidly... and suddenly he will shut you out if he does not wish you to know the plan he is devising. He can be happy, even giddy, but can quickly turn dark and brooding if he has picked up some obscure hint of danger or deception. This is how a fugitive stays alive.

He seems to be unable to simply travel from point A to point B. He loves oblique tangents, and can easily be diverted from his apparent mission. Only later do you realize he never intended to go to the first location anyway... it was all planned.

The Doctor preferred not to use force. Although he was a master of the martial arts, and usually used the force of the enemy back against the enemy. However, the truth must be stated that he occasionally relished a good fight...

He is also the most stubborn man in the Galaxy... and certainly not modest. Here, for an example, is a journal entry from the night before the Battle of Waterloo...

June 17, 1815...The Doctor is in the tent of Emperor Napoleon... sharing an excellent glass of brandy, and trying to convince him of the necessity to protect his flanks. Napoleon has interrupted...

NAPOLEON
You seem well versed in military history, sir. Who are you?

THE DOCTOR
I am The Doctor.

NAPOLEON
What sort of Doctor are you?

THE DOCTOR
I'm not A Doctor... I am THE Doctor. The definite article, you might say...

NAPOLEON
And what are you the doctor of?

THE DOCTOR
A great many things. Temporal engineering, metaphysics, archeology, history, quantum mechanics, astronomy, medicine... the things one must know.

NAPOLEON
I have never heard of quantum mechanics...

THE DOCTOR
It hasn't been invented yet.

NAPOLEON
That's VERY impressive...

THE DOCTOR
Well, you see I'm a genius.

NAPOLEON
Temporal engineering? Can you engineer time?

THE DOCTOR
(grins)
Let's just say that I'm a tinkerer. Now, back to my concerns about Waterloo...

As The Master has always said, The Doctor's chief weakness is his curiosity. He can't help meddling in the business of other worlds and cultures.

Journal Entry, 4 a.m. that morning... The Doctor walks out of Napoleon's tent, and into the Tardis... shaking his head. I have just illuminated the crystals, and am running through the circuits...

THE DOCTOR
Napoleon has had too much brandy... he's not thinking clearly...

BARUSA
It is strictly forbidden to meddle in the affairs of other races...

THE DOCTOR
(noticing my work)
What are you doing?

BARUSA
I have been working on the repair of the de-materialization circuit in order to activate the chameleon device.

THE DOCTOR
Why are you messing with that?

BARUSA
This Type 40 you "borrowed" is a great and classic ship. Just possibly, if I can repair it, we can be rid of this ridiculous exterior, this Blue Police Box.

THE DOCTOR

I like it.

BARUSA

How can I make you comprehend that a London Police Box will seem a bit out of place in a great many places in the Galaxy?... For example, outside Napoleon's tent.

THE DOCTOR

He thinks it's a portable out-house... he likes the idea. He's forward thinking...

BARUSA

It belongs in the London Museum, in the section for obsolete and silly artifacts of the Victorian era.

He ignores me. The good Doctor is quite sentimental... the worst trait conceivable for any Gallifreyian. I believe he keeps this outside dimension of a Police Box just to irritate me...

THE DOCTOR

Tomorrow, forty thousand men will die, their blood draining into the grass... for a mistake he is about to make. I can stop it.

BARUSA

There are strict rules about this sort of meddling.

THE DOCTOR

(goading him)

Rules are meant to be broken.

BARUSA

After almost two thousand years, I should have peace in my golden years. Instead, we have been dodging Dalek killing machines, trying to keep our scalps from ending up on Cyb lances... and here you are trying to change the entire history of civilization.

THE DOCTOR

(grinning)

Things are never dull...

BARUSA

We have a quest... to find your father. Shall we get on with it?!

THE DOCTOR

(nodding)

So... what are we waiting for? Power up the Crystals, Cardinal... let's go exploring...

As the great ship vanishes with a eerie whoosh, The Doctor looks back at Napoleon, standing outside his tent, staring off at the field where the Battle of Waterloo will commence in the morning... tired and worn out from endless campaigns... staring into the night and fog...

THE DOCTOR

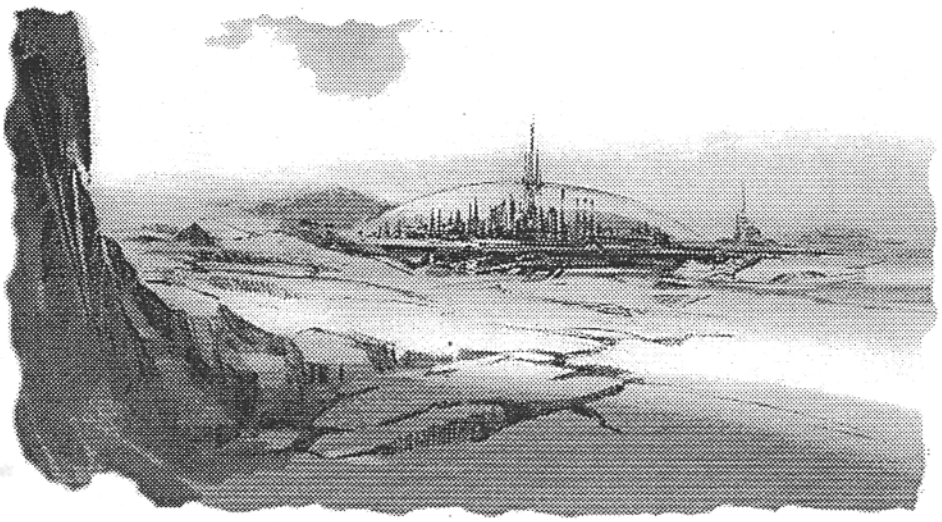
(to himself)

Forty thousand. Humans are such a mystery...

In that time, so long ago, when I first ventured forth with The Doctor on his adventures in our Galaxy and beyond, things were not so hopeful for my world of Gallifrey as they are now. In those days, all around our fabulous Domed City, which sits like a cluster of jewels under glass, the vast mesas were ripping open, forming gigantic canyons which threatened to tear the city apart.

It is a mystery, even to us Time Lords, why the geologic forces of our planet reflect exactly our own cumulative consciousness. We, and our tragic planet, are one and the same.

Within the Domed City, the forces of darkness, led by The Master, threatened to tip the balance of power among the Time Lords. The Master's dark dream was the domination of all life forms in our Galaxy. Like a stained liquid, his teachings had seeped into the cold logic of the bureaucrats and law makers. Our ancient wisdom had been lost.



Gallifrey

The time came in which we were forced to decide the future of our planet. In the Panopticon, the Time Lords met. I announced what had long been rumored, that my twelfth and final regeneration was about to happen.

These were my words, from the record... "According to our ancient custom, my heir will wear the Sash of Rassilon upon my death. The Master is brilliant, but he is cruel and ambitious. He is the perfect embodiment of our worst as a race... without feeling or affection.

It is The Doctor's thinking which has begun to change the way we are... to turn our fate from Darkness... to save our planet. Without strong hearts, we will evolve to become like The Master. Our Gallifrey, so beautifully stark, so solemn with its quiet mesas and its harsh sun-burned canyons, will shatter unless we turn from The Master's dreams of domination...

The Doctor offers a change... he is admired for his exuberant character, his energy, and fullness of life. He and his Time Lord supporters are our only hope.

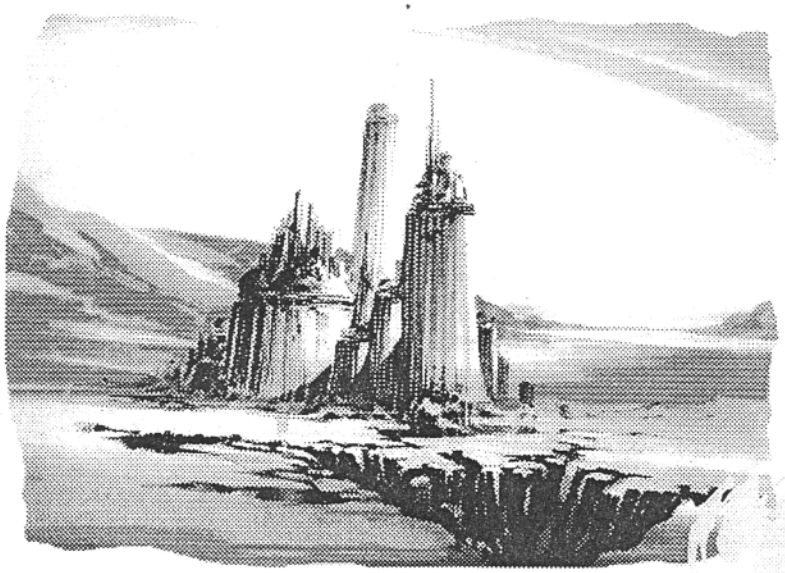
I therefore propose we break with our traditions... that The Doctor, although he is an orphan from a clan that has died out, take my place as President of the Time Lords and wearer of the Sash of Rassilon upon my death..."

The Time Lords were bitterly divided... between the supporters of The Master... and the supporters of The Doctor, who offered a new vision, a revival of the classic era... of exploration, science, and peace.

The Doctor finally stood to speak. He accused the Time Lords, himself included, of dereliction of their sacred oath... which was to nourish all the races and bring harmony to the Galaxy and beyond. He said that they had ruled this Galaxy for so long that they had become the perfect bureaucrats... cold efficiency had replaced wisdom... they had lost their hearts and souls.

The Time Lords were shocked and outraged. No one had ever challenged them in this way. In their indignation and fury, they exiled The Doctor forever.

The Doctor left the Domed City, and set off into the barren and inhospitable desert...



Ruins Of Ancient Gallifrey

The Master demanded to be given the Sash... and upon my death, it came to pass. Being of my bloodline, and that of my son Ulysses the Explorer, The Master was entitled to be President. But The Doctor was always more favored by our people. For these reasons and more, The Master reserved his purest venom and hatred for him... and plotted his destruction.

The Master

IT WAS WRITTEN AND FORETOLD

For weeks and months, The Doctor wandered in the desert wilderness... searching for the Tomb of Rassilon. Even the Time Lords are not allowed in this forbidden zone. Against the ferocious winds hurling sand, he searched the caves on the face of the cliff, from which the Tomb had been carved. He went for weeks without eating or drinking, using his powers of physiological control to reduce his breathing, and to halt one of his two hearts to conserve his life.

Tomb of Rassilon

But it was not enough, even for The Doctor. He was found, near death, by the tribal peoples of the wilderness... called the Outcasts. He was nursed back to health by them, and when they learned who he was, he was shown the hidden caves which are the entrance to the Tomb of Rassilon. It is they who are the true keepers of the tomb. Their reputation for ferocity is due to their complete dedication to Rassilon...

The Doctor told us later that he was called by the voice of his father... finally he found what he was searching for. By crawling deep into the heart of the mountain, which was in reality the heart of the tomb of Rassilon, he discovered an earthen pot... and inside were the sacred Scrolls. He had found what no man had seen since Rassilon had placed it there, millennia ago. The Doctor has never revealed their place of hiding.

The Truth Must Be Known

I was unaware of these events, as at that time I was dying. I had clung to life as long as I could... knowing that The Master was waiting, like a wolf at my door.

The Doctor secretly smuggled himself back into the Domed City... and came to see me on my death bed. He told me of the scrolls and said this about their contents... it was written and foretold that whoever finds the Scrolls shall lead the people of Gallifrey out of the Darkness, and will heal the planet, preventing it from shattering.

The Scrolls revealed that the answers would not lie in Gallifrey itself... but beyond our world, beyond the Galaxy. His telepathy told him that the answers would lie on Earth...

It was then that I admitted the truth of his birth... it was time that the truth be known. The Master and The Doctor are both of my bloodline. They are half-brothers.

They were born to my son Ulysses the Explorer, who has been missing for centuries from Gallifrey. The two brothers are born of different mothers... which is why they look so different. The Doctor was born on the Blue Planet... his mother was human...

The Doctor watched over me a long time... he seemed to already have sensed this. Finally, he asked me why I had not told anyone of this in the past.

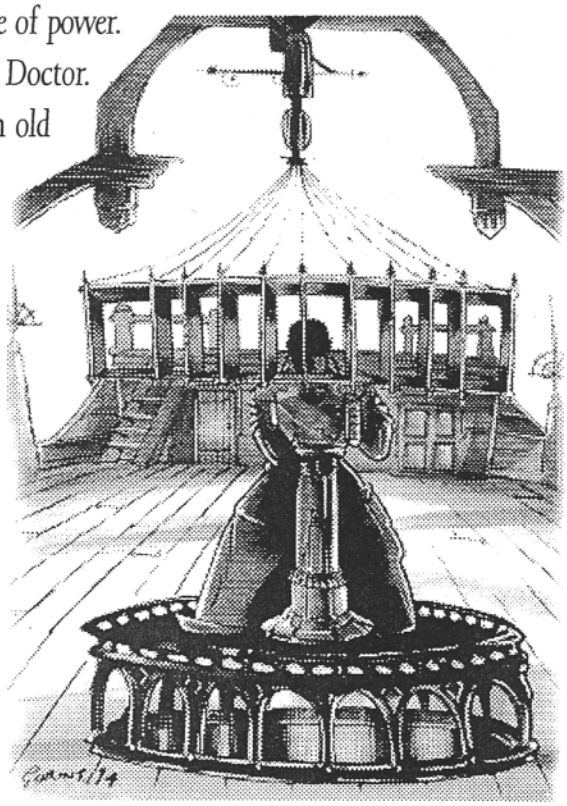
I said, "The Master is the elder, born of Gallifrey, and therefore the rightful heir to the Sash. You could never prove you were also the son of Ulysses... in fact, because your mother was from the Blue Planet, you would have never been allowed to be a Time Lord. Everything you have to offer us would have been lost... you would have become an Outcast, sent to the wilderness to live among the savages..."

Then he nodded, smiled, and held me a long moment. He said, "I have to find my father..." He kissed my cheek... and said goodbye. It is an affection we on Gallifrey never do. It was strange and wonderful.

INTERGALACTIC FUGITIVE

Because the Time Lords were now under the control of The Master, they voted to condemn The Doctor to total disintegration, making him a wanted man... a fugitive. The Master could never let The Doctor return. He had to destroy the Doctor... to keep his place of power.

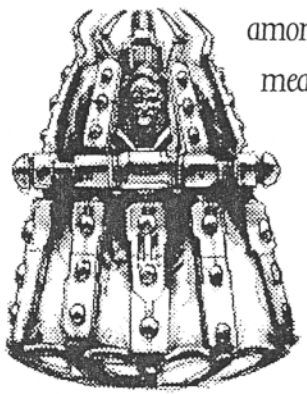
The Time Lords hunted for The Doctor. To escape Gallifrey, he "borrowed" an old TARDIS... a Type 40. This is our time capsule, which can convey the Explorer to any planet or ship in the Universe, at any time in the past. It was in need of repairs... the steering mechanism was faulty and its chameleon cloaking device was inoperable. He didn't seem to care.



Type 40 Steering Control

At the moment of my death, as my soul rose above my body, freed at last from the endless cycle of return, I was drawn inexplicably toward The Doctor... my spirit fused with The Doctor's TARDIS, just as it vanished back in time and space, toward the Blue Planet. I found myself carried along on a great adventure... in control of The Doctor's ship...

The Master began a hunt for The Doctor through the Galaxy. However, among the people of Gallifrey, one cannot kill one's own blood relatives... it would mean the destruction of the killer himself. That is how we are. Unable to personally destroy his own brother, The Master sent his killing machines... the Daleks, to find him. An intergalactic pursuit...



Dalek

And thus began the odyssey of The Doctor, this strange man... this fugitive Time Lord in search of his father. And myself... existing only in the resonating crystals of the great TARDIS.

The story of The Doctor is intertwined, strangely enough, with the Blue Planet...

The Blue Planet

Time has brought mountains to the sea... and seas have dried to dust and blown away. Planets have turned themselves inside out, lava has flowed for eons, new mountains have risen. The rains began, forming the endless oceans. And this little planet, in a far corner of the Milky Way, turned blue.

I have seen these things with my eyes. Together with The Doctor, I have traveled back, all the way to the beginnings of history on the Blue Planet. We have seen the roar and the spectacle of humankind. The Doctor is a part of their history... he belongs equally to the Blue Planet and to Gallifrey.

The Doctor, my grandson, was unique to us. In so many ways. And it is fitting and proper that he would have begun his life in adventure and romance and tragedy. He is the only Time Lord that ever lived who was born on another Planet. Although he was never told this, I think he somehow knew.

The essential conflict between The Doctor's birth on the Blue Planet and his origins in Gallifrey explains his odd personality contradictions. He is of two worlds.

I remember when he was a boy on Gallifrey, after his early and tragic first death, he would stare for hours into the night sky, at a small system known as the Solar. He never knew why the Blue Planet called out to him. What did he seek there? Like the vague remembrances of a past life, what he didn't know was that his first regeneration took place on the Blue Planet.

I blame myself for this longing he could not name. As President of the Time Lord Council, I had the responsibility to hold my shattering planet together. I knew even then that one day The Doctor would wear the Sash...

The people of Gallifrey only knew that The Doctor's father never returned from his voyages. They assumed The Doctor was an offspring from one of our space colonies. They never knew the truth... that his mother was a human... an extraordinarily beautiful and bewitching woman from the Blue Planet. Her name was Annalisse.

His father, Ulysses, having fallen in love, never returned to me... or to our sacred soil... not even in death. He gave up his status as Time Lord, as well as his immortality to be in the arms of a simple peasant girl.

Ulysses was my son... but I never understood him. His spirit was not of Gallifrey. Ulysses could have worn the Sash of Rassilon, but chose instead to be an explorer traveling through time. He was the most rebellious Time Lord in history... until his son The Doctor. I suppose you could say that The Doctor comes by it honestly...

I have asked the scribe to decode my journal entry on the night of November 23, 1994...

"The TARDIS has brought us to a dusty corner of the basement of the Cairo Museum, in Egypt. These are the last coordinates we ever received from Ulysses the Explorer. We have found a sarcophagus, once buried in the great pyramid of Giza... the hieroglyphics painted on the outside reveal it was created for the pharaoh Cheops. The face painted on the outside is that of Ulysses...

It appears to have been Ulysses who taught the ancient Egyptians to construct such magnificent wonders as the pyramids. It was like him to do so...

It seemed to us that it was the fate of his son, The Doctor, to find his remains... but it was not to be. When we opened the sarcophagus, it was empty... inside was only an inscription, in the hieroglyphics of Gallifrey, a message from Ulysses... "To my son, who will search for me. Forgive me for leaving you behind. One day we will find each other again..."

Oddly, The Doctor seems very pleased... he is seated among the other mummies, smoking a cigar and relating the events of his life. He seems to believe the mummy next to him is listening.

The TARDIS

The Doctor roams the Galaxy in a great ship known to its inventors, us Time Lords, as a TARDIS. The letters stand for Time And Relative Dimensions In Space and is far more than just a time machine. It is capable of transporting its operator and passengers through time and space to any planet in the Universe and to any point in that planet's history.

The Doctor's is an old "type 40" TARDIS built as a mobile research laboratory which would carry its crew of scientists to survey distant galaxies, explore new worlds and observe astronomical events. The type 40 TARDIS has since been superseded by more efficient and better equipped models.

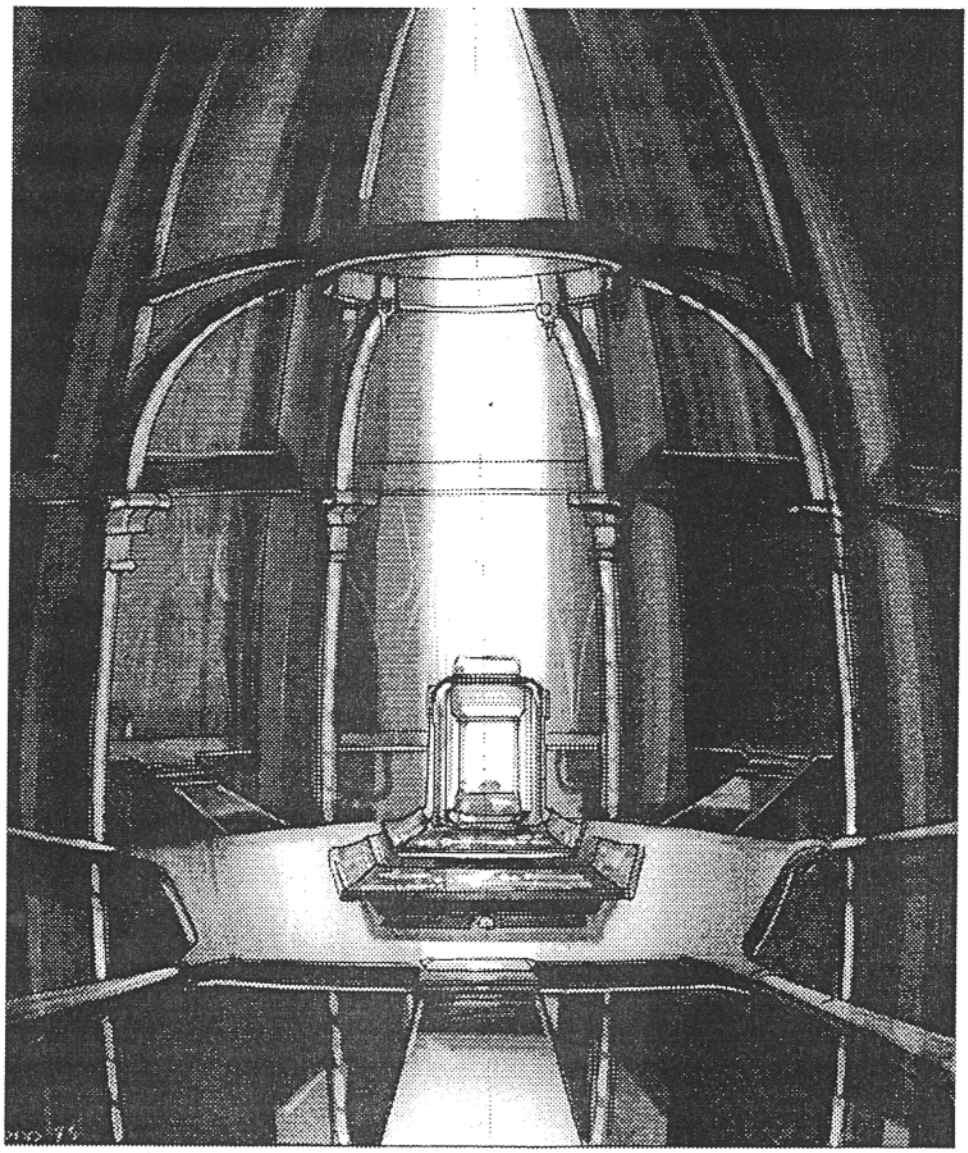
The chameleon circuit, a device incorporated into the ship's circuitry, scans the landing site and alters that site just prior to materialization. Under normal circumstances, the TARDIS would look like a cactus, a stone pillar, or anything else which would blend with the surroundings of the planet on which it had landed. Unfortunately, after The Doctor's visit to Earth, this mechanism failed to function and ever since, the TARDIS has remained locked in the form of a Police Box, found in America and England in the time period of the late nineteenth century...The Doctor's favorite time on the Blue Planet.

The TARDIS is infinitely bigger on the inside than the outside. This is due to one of the key discoveries made by the Time Lords, that of temporal physics. On entering the TARDIS through the outer door, one actually crosses a bridge into another dimension. The exterior of the TARDIS "exists" in the real world, but the interior is within a different but relative dimension.

The TARDIS has five chambers... controlled from the five sided console in the center of the great ship...

1. Captain's Quarters...The Doctor often chooses to plot his navigation course from the Captain's Quarters. Seated at the Magic Lantern, he has a 360 degree view of the Galaxy which surrounds him. The Doctor's library and living quarters are at the entrance and exit of the TARDIS.

2. Engineering... in this vast space is the time vector generator, dematerialization circuit, quantum accelerator, and a dynomorphic regenerator. The Environmental Systems maintain such things as temperature, gravity and atmosphere within the TARDIS. The gigantic crystals which power the generators are located in the center of the console, and extend upward... into deep space and beyond...



Engineering Section, Tardis Type 40

3. Science Laboratory...The TARDIS is totally indestructible and if its exterior is attacked it will dematerialize instantly re-materializing close by, but out of danger, providing that The Doctor has set the H.A.D.S. (Hostile Action Displacement System).

4. Cloisters... Of the five chambers in the TARDIS, the Cloisters is the most spiritual. The walls are stained glass, depicting the mythology of Gallifrey, most of it lost to the people of my planet. It is here that the Cloister Bells are located, the sound of which can heal the sick and dying, in body as well as in spirit. And it is in the Cloisters that I, Cardinal Barusa, appear in hologram form, to speak with The Doctor... it is the place the Doctor goes to think and to dream...

5. Cosmos...This is a simple wooden railing which overlooks the Galaxy, through a vast and invisible lens. It is a vision of wondrous beauty... and is his window onto space, as he travels through the Galaxy..

The Daleks

Journal Entry, Time Space Coordinate 5725.1... The Doctor has been captured by the Time Lords. He and our TARDIS have been propelled back to Gallifrey, and he has been brought before The Master and the Council... I fear he will be destroyed...

Journal Entry 5725.2... Strange events. The Master, now fully in control of the Time Lords, has embraced his brother in front of the Council. He has negotiated a reprieve for The Doctor, who will be allowed to travel freely in time and space... with the proviso that he perform certain duties for the Time Lords when called upon for service... The Doctor is wary...

The Master tells us that creatures called Daleks have swarmed across the far end of the Galaxy, killing entire races of people. They must be stopped. He has asked The Doctor to travel back in time, to the planet Skaro, to the time of the creation of these creatures... and prevent them from ever being made. The Doctor has agreed...

Journal Entry, Time Space Coordinate 4244.1... We have landed on the planet of Skaro... and are horrified to find that this land, once lush and fertile, is now a vast wasteland with bomb craters miles across filled with vaporized cities. The Time Lords were accurate in their predictions... the inhabitants, the Kaleds and the Thals, have destroyed their world.

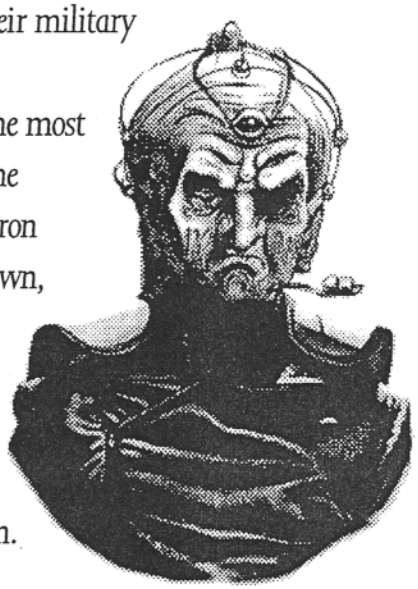
Of all the planets in the Galaxy, the planet of Skaro was most like the Blue Planet... two continents, separated by a vast ocean. Our instruments indicate that the seas are poisoned and dead, the great cities on both continents are rubble, and the land is so hot with radioactive dust that nothing could survive on the surface for very long. We are leaving the TARDIS to investigate, protected by Aura Force Fields...

Journal Entry 4244.2... We have found the Kaleds. Like their enemies the Thals, they have been forced underground into mine shafts and underground silos that were once used to launch the neutron missiles.

And still they wage their savage war... the hatred passed from generation to generation here, deep underground.

The two humanoid races of this once proud land, The Kaleds and the Thals, unable to live together in peace, turned away from integration of the races and divided the planet. Segregation nurtured mutual fears and hostility... and they began a vicious thermonuclear war which has been waged implacably for hundreds of years.

Journal Entry 4244.3...The Doctor has been allowed to speak before the Kaled High Council. He has informed them that he is a Gallafreyan ambassador of peace from the future... he tells them of the Daleks which will somehow be created on Skaro, and will slaughter millions upon millions in all parts of the Galaxy. Although they seem numb from the centuries of warfare, they wish to help. We are allowed to meet with their military and scientific leader... Davros.



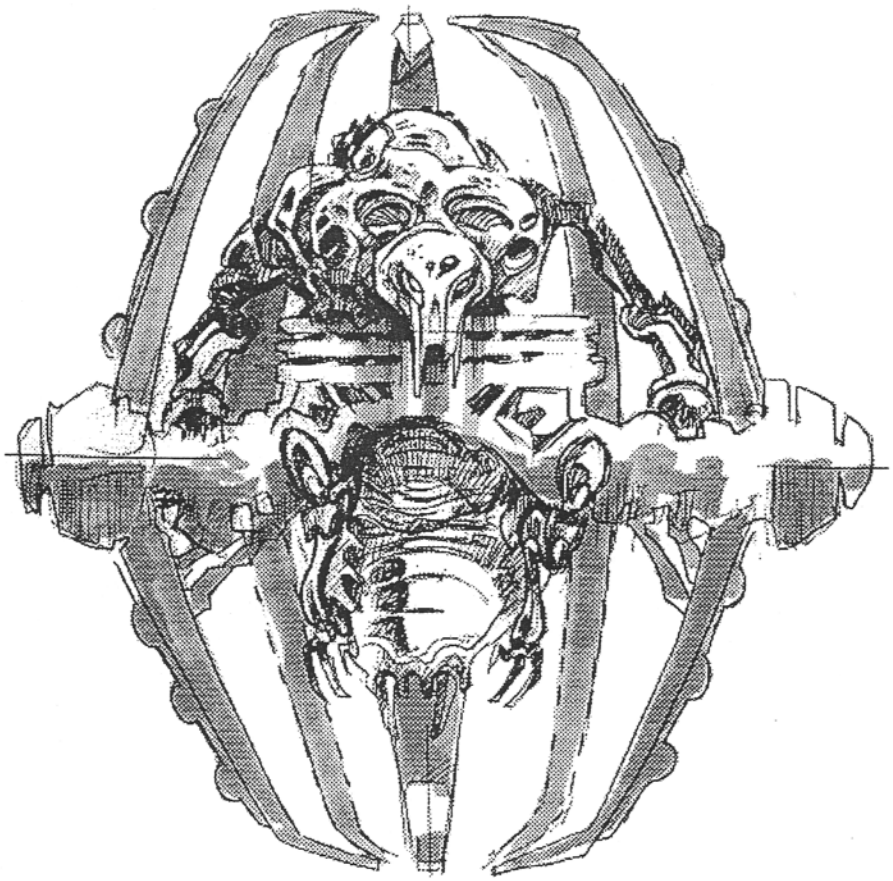
Davros

Among the Scientific Elite Corps, Davros is the most eminent and the most brilliant. Like so many of the Kaleds, he is a mutant, having survived a Thal neutron bombardment. His whole body seems crumpled down, as if gravity were exerting an enormous force down on him. His eyes, ears, voice box, and left arm have been replaced with vat-grown bio-mass plastic. The rest of his body is not visible, hidden by the extraordinary protective shell he exists within. A pitiful sight... a mind so powerful, and body so deformed and twisted.

Davros' life support system is powered by a tiny nuclear reactor...without it, he would instantly die.

He has received The Doctor with a curiously calm manner. He has agreed to cease work on new weapons for war and has poured all of his energies, and well as the Scientific Elite Corps, into designing life support systems for the Kaled nation. The babies are all born genetically deformed.. they look less humanoid, and more insect like.

Journal Entry 4244.4... Davros and The Doctor have finished their experiments... the genetic mutations among the Kaleds are irreversible. They are evolving into a non-humanoid race... they are becoming enormous spiders.

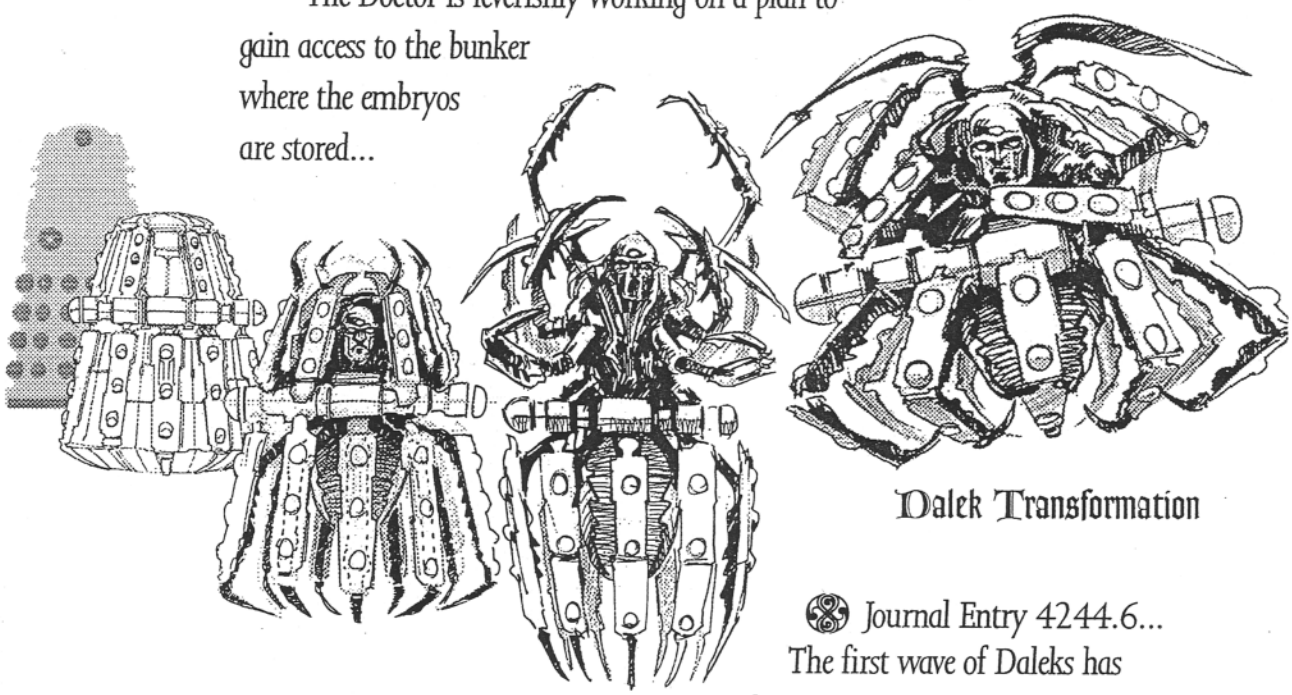


Deformed Kaled

Davros works night and day, seeming never to sleep, to design what appears to be the ultimate shield for these creatures. The Doctor suspects that the endless rows of vats are actually incubators... embryo mutants. That Davros is using genetic designs of his own creations to create the new race of Kaleds... and the shield he has designed is actually armor... genetically attached to the Kaleds as they grow. He is mass producing the ultimate survivors... the ultimate killing machines. Without feelings or desires other than to kill to defend their hellish race. Davros is creating the Daleks...

Journal Entry 4244.5... Much has happened since the last entry... terrible things. The Doctor informed the High Council of the attempt by Davros to create the Daleks... and Davros learning of this, has betrayed his own race. To keep his experiments from being halted, he has revealed to their enemy the Thals the exact locations of the mine shafts and missile silos. The Thals have bombed them... all Kaleds other than his mutated army of creatures, were destroyed. A whole race is lost... The Doctor and I have escaped back into the TARDIS.

The Doctor is feverishly working on a plan to gain access to the bunker where the embryos are stored...



Dalek Transformation

Journal Entry 4244.6... The first wave of Daleks has been unleashed on the Thals... Davros is a wonder of betrayals. The Thals have been fried by microwaves and hacked to pieces by these monstrous creatures. However, The Doctor has gained access to the Incubator Bunker... it's a trap... Davros has captured The Doctor... he was about to feed him to the Daleks...

Journal Entry 4244.7... The Master has appeared... he reveals to the Daleks how Davros betrayed their race and murdered their people. Davros has been horribly murdered...

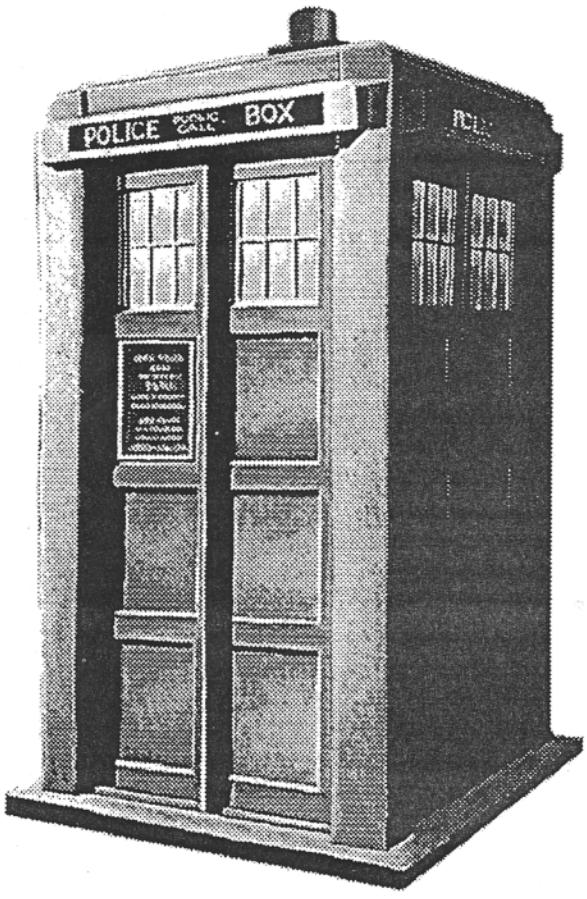
The Master cunningly used The Doctor to bring about this moment in history so he, himself, could take control of these perfect killing machines...

Before they could rip apart The Doctor, he has revealed his own plan. He has blown up the Incubator Bunker and escaped into the TARDIS... The Master and his Daleks in pursuit.

Within the TARDIS, The Doctor has reversed time, to the moment he first arrived on Skaro. Now, with the push of a button he can wipe out Davros' power source, he can destroy Davros and his research... eliminating the Daleks from history.

But astonishingly, The Doctor can't bring himself to push the button... he feels he has no right to alter the history of the Galaxy in this way. The existence of the Daleks caused the multitude of planets and races in the Galaxy to unite against the Daleks... and this unity created the future of harmony.

Some things are not for men to decide... we are not God.



ADVENTURES ON DISTANT WORLDS

I have asked my scribe to make a random selection of my adventures with The Doctor. As I read through them, I am reminded of the words of The Doctor, "Things were never dull."

THE PIRATES

Borusa is convinced that The Doctor's father Ulysses was once the famous pirate Blackbeard. Delighted at this prospect, The Doctor lands the time machine on the coast of 18th Century Spain... and unwittingly falls into the hands of pirates searching for treasure.

Realizing that the pirates' treasure map reveals the whereabouts of Bluebeard and his treasure, he escapes with the map and the pirates in pursuit...

The Doctor arrives at the "X marks the spot" in the treasure map to find the legendary Bluebeard retrieving his chest... and are set upon by the pirates. Fighting side by side in a swashbuckling finale on the beach, The Doctor and Bluebeard are victorious... The Doctor turns to finally ask him if he is indeed his father, only to see Ulysses vanish over the hill on an Arabian horse... gone...

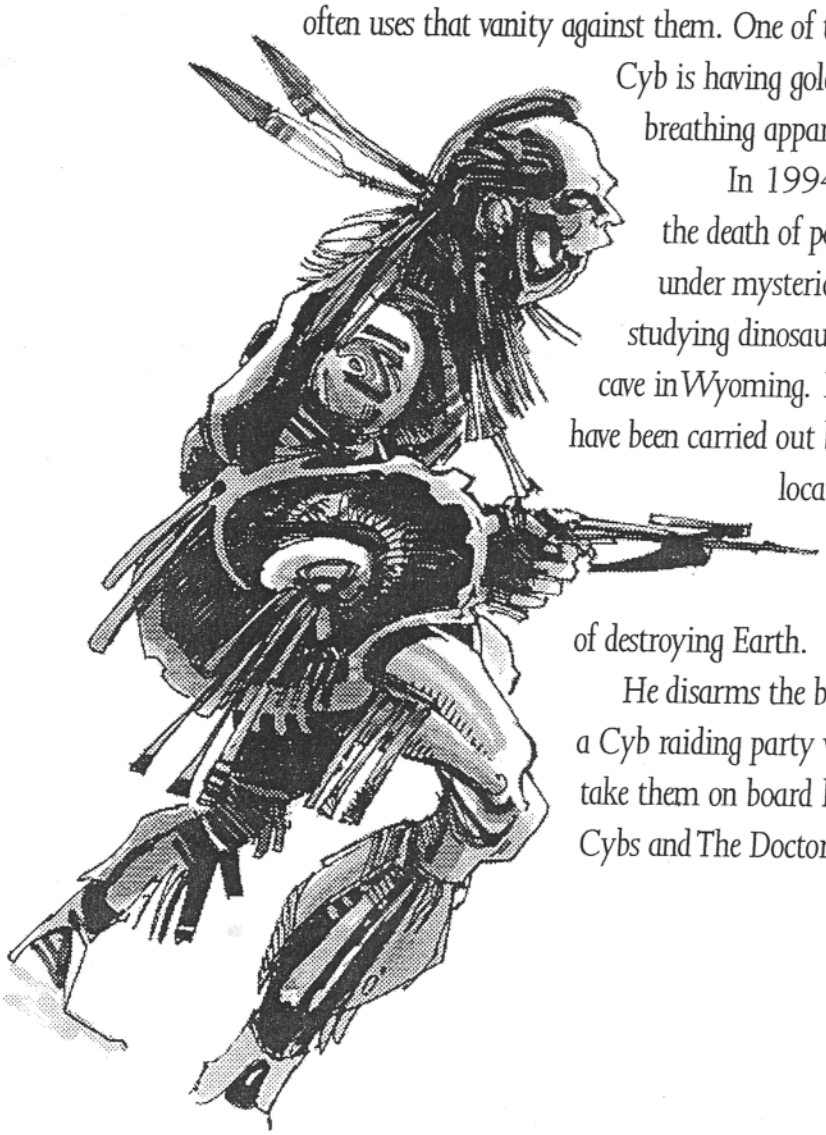
THE TALONS OF WENG-CHIANG

The Tardis lands in present day New York, where a series of Murders have been committed by the Chinese Tong of the Black Scorpion, led by Weng-Chiang.

Weng-Chiang is in reality Magnus Greel, a war criminal from the future, whose experiments backfire and whose body needs the energy of others to survive. Hooking up with an NYPD cop, they trace the location of Greel's lair and bring the murderer to justice.

EARTHSHOCK

(The Cybs are the pirates of the galaxy... slash and burn marauders from the planet Mondas. Having ruined the environment of their own planet, they have become cybotic, made up mostly of vat grown plastic. Since much of their bodies is manufactured, they are very handsome and quite vain. The Doctor often uses that vanity against them. One of the few things that can kill a Cyb is having gold dust thrown into its breathing apparatus...)



In 1994, The Doctor, investigates the death of paleontologists murdered under mysterious circumstances while studying dinosaur remains in an underground cave in Wyoming. He discovers that the deaths have been carried out by The Cybs to protect the location of a bomb capsule, which has been planted in the cave... it is capable of destroying Earth.

He disarms the bomb but is taken captive by a Cyb raiding party who forces The Doctor to take them on board his time machine. The Cybs and The Doctor engage in deadly combat...

The Horror of Fang Rock

The Doctor and Borusa are attracted by streaks of light that are passing through the galaxy. They follow and find themselves near a lighthouse on the Lands End, England in 1906.

An eerie fog rises from the sea, forcing a passing clipper ship to run aground. The survivors are rescued by The Doctor. The captain of the clipper is mysteriously murdered and The Doctor is suspected because of his un-explained arrival.

The Doctor believes that an alien ship has crash landed and the alien has absorbed the body of the lighthouse keeper to send a beam of light for a rescue party.

The Doctor is forced to prove his innocence and destroy the alien and its Mother ship.

The Celestial Toymaker

It is 2525. The Doctor's time machine is mysteriously pulled off course and materializes in the domain of The Toymaker, an evil force who dominates a fantasy world.

The Toymaker renders the Tardis inoperable and forces the Doctor to play a deadly mind game which, if lost, will result in The Doctor's imprisoment forever.

Whilst The Doctor is entangled with The Toymaker, Borusa makes a chilling discovery — The Toymaker is controlled by The Master, who has concocted this duel in an effort to destroy his half-brother...

DON'T SHOOT, I'M THE DOCTOR

While traveling through time and space, The Doctor gets a severe tooth ache. He decides he'll set coordinates for the Blue Planet Earth, where he knows he can get help. However, an error in his calculations sets the Tardis down in Tombstone on 26th October, 1881.

The only doctor available is none other than the infamous gunslinger, Doc Holliday, who is feuding with the Clanton family.

Both doctors strap on their guns to help Wyatt Earp against the bushwacking Clantons in the shoot out at the O.K. Corral.

TOMB OF THE CYBS

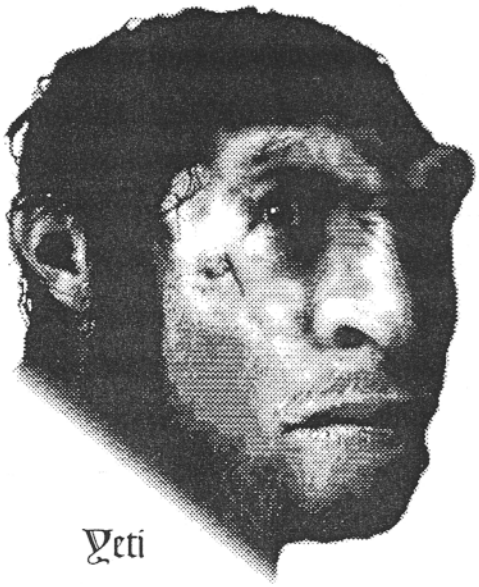
The Tardis rematerializes in the future on the freezing planet Telos, where The Doctor meets an Earth-led expedition excavating a tomb where the last Cybs are rumored to have been buried when their planet was destroyed.

But the Cybs are revived by a rise in the temperature engineered by The Doctor's half-brother The Master.

The party escapes from the tomb but the Cybs are on the loose...

The Yeti

It is 1953 and The Doctor has landed in Tibet to seek advice of his father's whereabouts from his old friend the Dalai-Lama.



Yeti

His visit coincides with an expedition of Sir Edmund Hillary to conquer the summit of Mount Everest for the first time in history. The Dalai-Lama informs The Doctor that the Yeti, the huge mythical creatures that are claimed to exist in the mountains will feel threatened by the intrusion on this, their last place of solitude. The Doctor is intrigued...

They hear gunshots and a fierce battle ensues, no one gets a good look at the Yeti, only glimpses of their ferocious bodies and terrifying screams. Several members of the team wish to hunt down the Yeti in the morning ... The Doctor is opposed, preferring to meet with them instead.

Suddenly they are surrounded by the beasts, but they are not monsters after all, they are in fact ancestors of humans ... the Neanderthals... the last of their race having been driven to this remote place of hiding for thirty thousand years.

The Doctor communicates with the Neanderthals and finds them gentle and shy. He pledges with Hillary to protect them by keeping the myth of the Yeti, as savage monsters, alive.

ARK IN SPACE

In our future, the Tardis materializes on a fully automated space station for supplies. It appears to be empty and deserted, but in reality it contains the whole future population of Earth stored away in deep freeze until the Earth, ravaged by disease, is again inhabitable. Due to a fault in the machinery, they have failed to awaken on schedule. Eons have gone by...

The Doctor discovers that the station has been invaded by giant insect-like creatures who had laid their eggs in the leader of the Ark, Noah. They have assumed the personality and control over the body of Noah, planning to take over Earth. Struggling for control of his own mind and body, Noah leaves the safety of the Ark, and sacrifices himself... blowing up the insects inside him.

The Doctor awakens the population... and they make preparations to return to Earth.

The Quest

At the end of our travels, when The Doctor had finally found his father Ulysses, who had wandered for eons, lost in time, they were reunited with great joy. It is truly said... "the son is father to the man".

When they returned to Gallifrey, they brought with them all the strength and curiosity that had been lost. They brought passion and, even more importantly, compassion. They brought us back from the edge of the precipice, back to the wisdom of the heart.

With his father there to prove his lineage, and no longer a fugitive, The Doctor now wears the Sash of Rassilon. The Time Lords are once again vibrant with color, united in the dream of ridding the Universe of the enemies of life... once and for all.

The bottomless crevasses which had threatened to shatter our planet apart are closing again... the land is healing. We are now one... and we are bringing peace and harmony to the Galaxy.

I remember something The Doctor once said about the pyramids of Egypt on the Blue Planet... those lone sentries of the desert, who remain constant through the millennia. "Time is the one thing that men fear the most. But Time fears the pyramids."

This is why he so admired the wonders of Egypt. The Nile flooding its banks, year after year since the dawn of time, leaving silt for the fertility of man. The Sphinx, which stares unblinking into the desert, guiding lost souls. These things were like old friends to The Doctor, he traveled back to the beginnings of things to know the why of them.

The Doctor is like the Sphinx... he does not fear Time. Time fears The Doctor.

I understand now why The Doctor went out into the Galaxy. The quest was to find his father... to take his rightful place... but it was more than this. It was also a journey to the center of his own cosmos... somewhere under the brilliant yellow sun of The Blue Planet... and the twin red suns of Gallifrey.

It is said that you cannot know where you are going, if you don't know where you have been.

And occasionally, even to this day, when you least expect it, The Doctor will suddenly be missing from his place with the Time Lords... and also missing will be his ancient Tardis. He will be traveling back to the Blue Planet... back through vast regions of time and space... simply for the adventure of it all...

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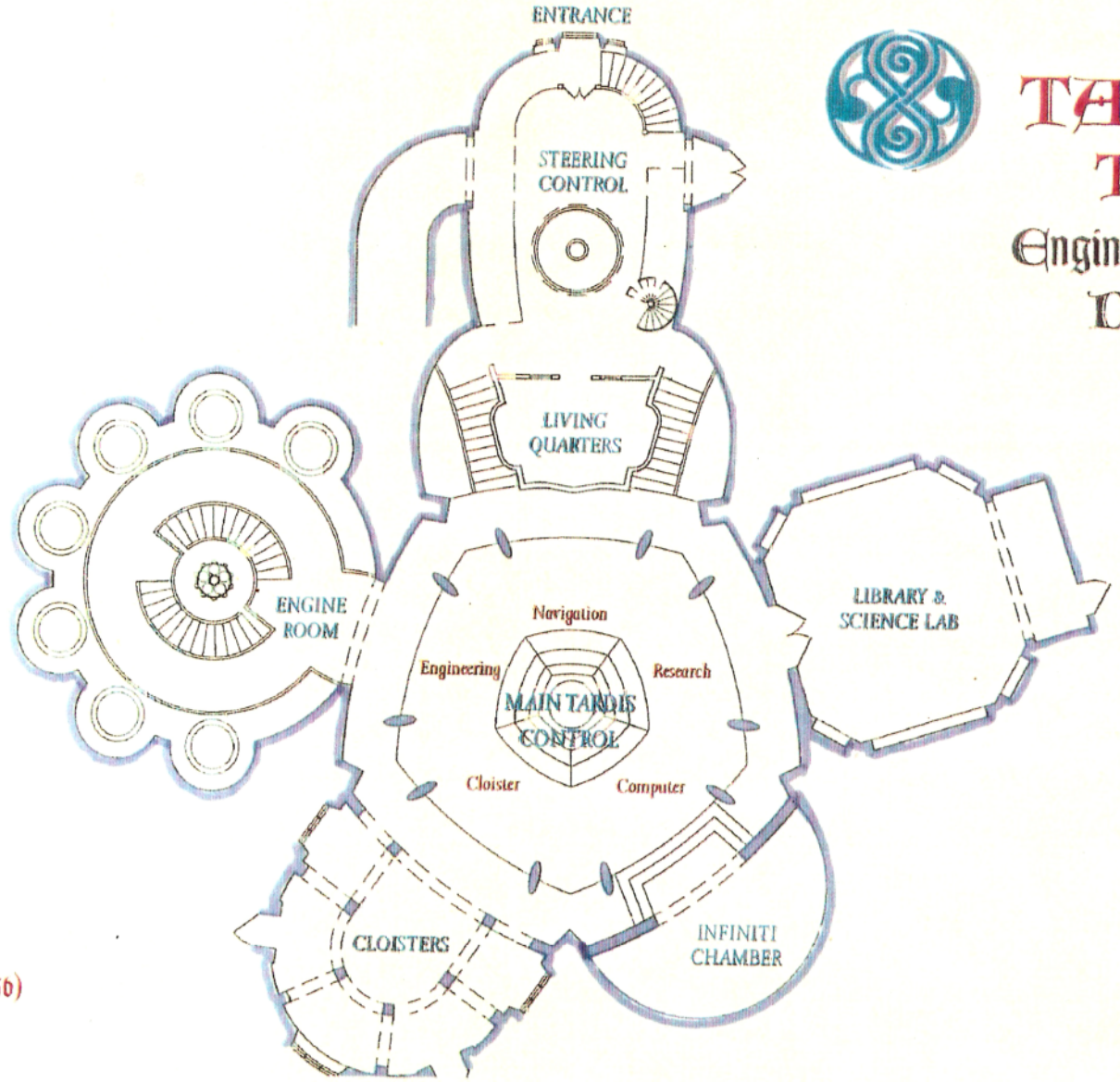

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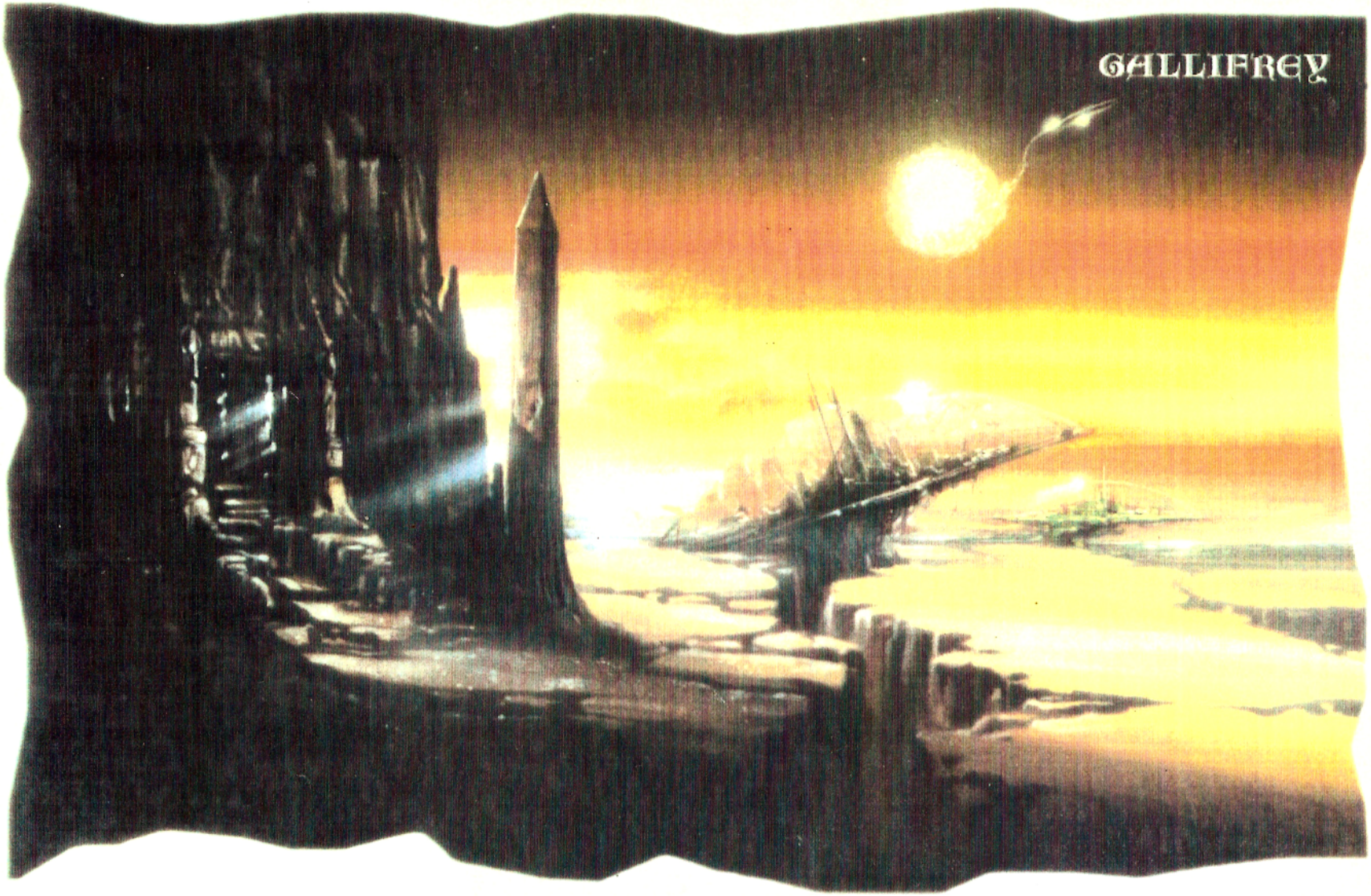
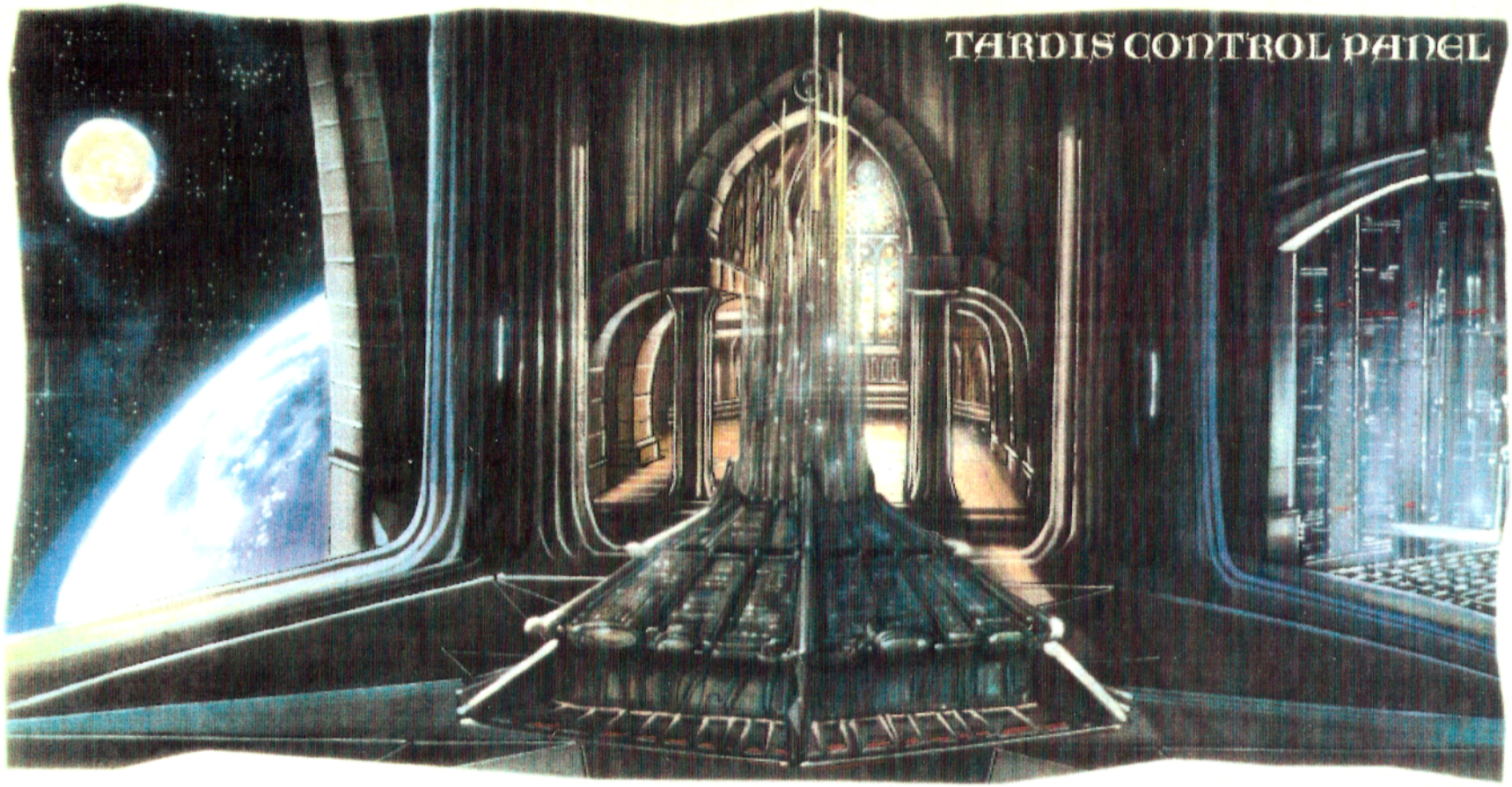
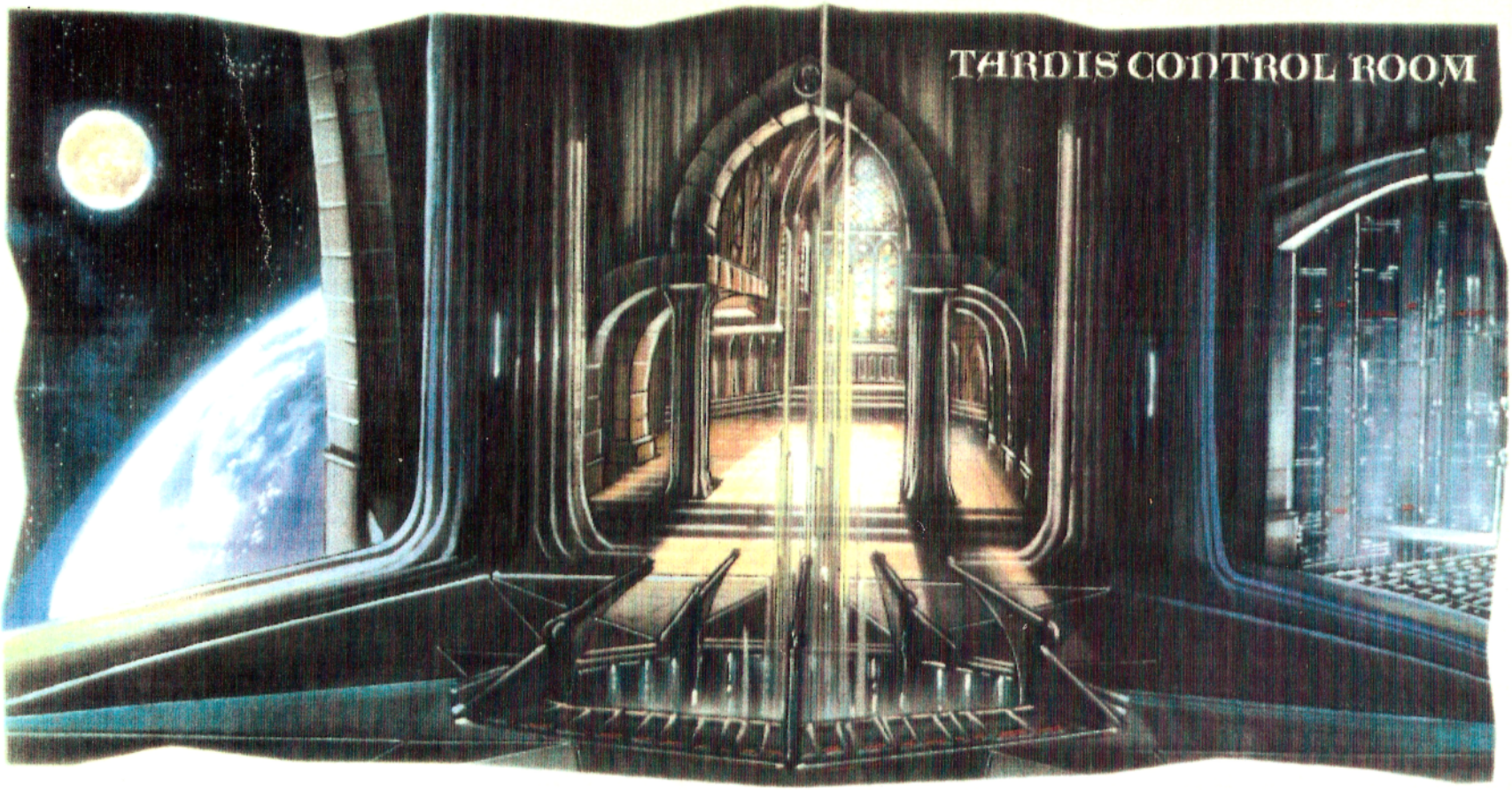
THE MASTER


GALLIFREY

GALLIFREY

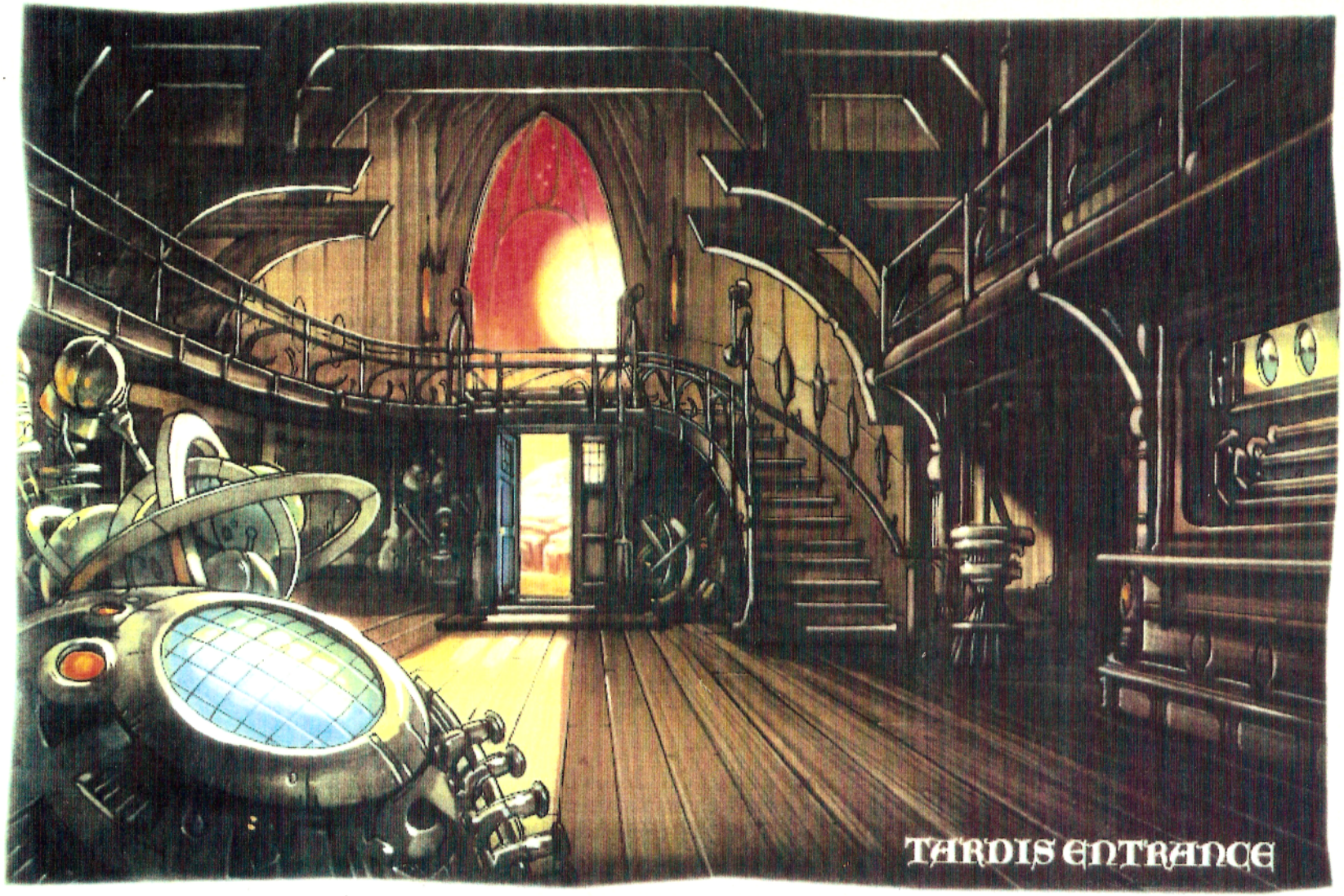

TARDIS CONTROL PANEL


TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

ARC IN SPACE

CYBS OF MOTODAS

TARDIS EXTERIOR


TARDIS ENTRANCE